

THE NEW COUNCIL MEETS

Redfield Chosen President, McDonald Again on Board of Public Works and Altenburg on Board of Health.

The old council passed into the unknown last evening without ceremony. In fact, it was not called, as has been the custom in the past, the one only retiring member, Adolph Cook, not being present, and Mayor Walters ordered the roll call of the new council, all answering to their names except Ald. Firkus. Ald. Koch is the successor of ex-Ald. Cook.

Mayor Walters said that he was pleased that a large majority of the old council was unanimously returned, which indicated that their constituents believed they had tried to do their duty in the past. Stevens Point is beginning to stride forward and the work of the council is helping along this line. Every action is for the best interests of the city, at least the council feel that it is and the people generally approve. I thank you for the hearty support you have given me during the past year and believe you will continue during the coming year.

Ald. Abb offered a motion thanking the retiring alderman, Mr. Cook, and H. J. Finch, who will soon retire as deputy clerk, for their services, saying as he was sorry the latter was to leave, as he had proven one of the best clerks this city ever had and both had rendered excellent service in the past. The motion was carried.

Ald. Abb moved that an informal ballot be taken for president of the council. Ald. Abb and Altenburg were appointed tellers and the result was as follows: Redfield 8, Schenk 2, Abb 1. The first named was upon motion declared elected.

Upon motion of Ald. Abb, Ald. Robt. K. McDonald was again elected as a member of the Board of Public Works and Ald. Irving Altenburg was made a member of the Board of Health.

Mayor Walters announced his standing committees as follows: Finance—McDonald, Schenk, Heffron. Highways—Koch, McDonald, Scribner.

City Buildings—Urowski, Abb, Koch. Railroads—Schenk, Abb, Port. Fire Department—Abb, Port, McDonald.

Licenses—Port, Altenburg, Urowski. Lighting—Redfield, Heffron, Firkus. Printing—Altenburg, Redfield, Koch. City Affairs—Heffron, Sparks, Schenk. Judiciary—Firkus, Scribner, Sparks. Manufacturing—Sparks, Altenburg, Urowski.

Illegal Assessments—Scribner, Redfield, Firkus. Daniel Corlett petitioned for the privilege of moving what is known as the Stumpf house on Main street occupied by Henry Haertel, and placing in its stead the large barn building in the rear to be converted into a modern dwelling at an expense of not less than \$2,000. The petition was approved by V. P. Atwell, the Masonic officers, Dr. G. Rood, Miss Mary Tack and Mrs. Ellen Carpenter, all adjoining property owners. The property being within the fire limits, the petition was referred to C. H. Packard, chief of the fire department, to report.

Ald. Redfield presented an ordinance granting to the Wisconsin Central, its successors and assigns, the privilege of crossing the lower end of Main street, from their freight depot property on the south to the Curran and other blocks recently acquired by the company on the north, with not to exceed three tracks to be laid, ballasted, etc., to meet the approval of the board of public works, and in no way to impair public travel. The ordinance was unanimously adopted.

Upon motion of Ald. Redfield the clerk was authorized to advertise for two teams to do the city sprinkling, man and horse to look after repairing sidewalks and for a city depository.

The lighting committee was authorized to make slight changes in the arc lights near the corner of Bliss avenue and Tamarack street and at Main and Smith streets. The council then adjourned.

Many Improvements Planned.

Daniel Corlett of Dancy, who owns much valuable business and residence property in this city, is planning many improvements during the season and may decide to replace the one story cottage at 527 Main street now occupied by Henry Haertel, with a modern home. A full basement will be put under W. W. Taylor's residence at the corner of Main and Church streets and a frame building on Elk street recently bought by Mr. Corlett will be remodeled into an up-to-date dwelling. Mr. and Mrs. Corlett have about completed arrangements to move to Stevens Point.

TWO CHIEF DISPATCHERS

A. H. Mann and A. E. Schwan Are Now in Charge of Train Operation at Soo Offices.

August H. Mann arrived here from Fond du Lac the latter part of last week and on Sunday assumed the position of chief train dispatcher at the Soo offices, succeeding Geo. C. Stockley, who several weeks ago asked to be relieved of the burdens and return to his old place as one of the regular dispatchers. Mr. Stockley is now on the "first trick," his hours being from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Instead of having one man shoulder the responsibility for the operation of trains on the main lines and all branches north and west of Stevens Point, the company now has two chief dispatchers in Stevens Point, Mr. Mann being in charge during the day and A. E. Schwan has been promoted to night chief. The latter gentleman came here from Abbotsford when division headquarters were moved a few months ago.

Finch Gives Gold Medal.

H. J. Finch is the donor of a gold medal to the commercial department of the High school, which will be competed for by members of the class in shorthand and the winner decided upon by a committee composed of D. J. Leaby, Misses Edith Bremmer and Margaret Clifford. The face of the medal bears this inscription: "Presented to — for accuracy and skill in stenography," and on the reverse "Stevens Point High School, 1911."

LEASE STONE QUARRY

Milwaukee Parties to Manage O'Connor Quarry on West Side—Will Employ Large Force.

During his stay in Milwaukee last week, P. O'Connor closed a deal which will mean much in a material way for Stevens Point. Mr. O'Connor owns the immense stone quarry just west of the Soo railroad bridge—which quarry, by the way, has been operated throughout the history of our city, but only a small fraction of the rock has as yet been removed—which he has leased to a Milwaukee corporation headed by L. J. Pierson. The latter gentleman will be remembered locally as a former private secretary to Supt. Horn of the Wisconsin Central railroad. Mr. Pierson has been located in Milwaukee for the past ten or twelve years and for a time was a prominent member of the city council. Mr. O'Connor reserves the right to sell stone in Stevens Point, but except for this privilege the entire property is turned over to Mr. Pierson and his associates.

The new management will begin the manufacture of paving blocks and also add machinery for turning out immense quantities of crushed stone for paving purposes. They expect to employ a force of about twenty-five at the start and may largely increase this number later in the season.

The Soo railroad will lay several additional sidetracks to the quarry.

It may be of interest to many to know that the Milwaukee people have demonstrated to their entire satisfaction that the local stone is suitable both for paving blocks and as top dressing for macadam streets.

Married at McDill.

Miss Ida May Slack, of McDill and Jerry Casler of Pine Grove were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Slack, at 1 o'clock last Sunday afternoon, Rev. John A. Stemen of this city officiating. The young couple were attended by Miss Myrtle Slack, sister of the bride, and V. E. Burrows of Plainfield and the ceremony was followed by the serving of a sumptuous wedding dinner, a number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties being present.

The bride and bridesmaid were attired in white, the bride carrying bride's roses and the bridesmaid carnations. Dinner was served by Miss Ethel Gee, assisted by Misses Ina Baker and Pearl Norton. Among others present were Mrs. H. C. Mathewson, Frank Mathewson, Chas. Martin, John O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Heining and son and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Smart of Stevens Point, Vere Barrows, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Casler and three children of Plainfield, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Fox and Harry Slack of Plover, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Ward and baby of Stockton.

The bride has lived in the town of Plover most of her life and is one of the fairest daughters of that township, a young lady of worth and character, while the groom is a progressive young farmer of Pine Grove, one who holds the good will of all who know him. Mr. and Mrs. Casler left the same afternoon for Pine Grove.

BOYS FAIL TO COME BACK

Two Young Men Expelled From High School Are Refused Reinstatement by Board.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Education was held last Monday evening, the principal business transacted being the final disposition of the petition of George Dumas and Jerry Ondracke to return to school. Supt. Davis expelled the young men several weeks ago for alleged infraction of the rules, and as he refused to reinstate them, an appeal to the board was made.

Ten members were present at the meeting and following a brief statement by Pres. Young, he called upon Supt. Davis, who was equally to the point, uttering the quoted words: "I intend to abide by my original resolution that the expulsion of the boys is for good."

The adoption of a motion by Mr. Shumway to proceed to vote resulted as follows, those in favor of allowing Dumas and Ondracke to return to school answering "aye" and the others "no."

Ayes—Cook, Pasternacki, Boyer—3. Noes—Rogers, Shumway, Young, Blood, Anderson, Dittman, Todd—7.

An executive session of the board was then held and at its conclusion a motion was adopted that the president and the chairman of the teachers' committee (Mr. Anderson) be appointed to investigate the standing and ability of the various applicants for positions as city superintendent and principal of the High school to succeed Supt. Davis and Mr. Bush, who will not return next year. This committee was given authority to appoint proxies in case either or both will be unable to act. An order for \$100 was voted to pay their railroad and hotel expenses. Mr. Boyer voted against the proposed junketing trip.

Messrs. Davis, Shumway and Pasternacki were given power to make all necessary arrangements for the graduating exercises to be held in June.

WILL MAKE FAIR TIME VAN GETS VALUABLE GIFT

Work on Electric Interurban, to Eventually Reach Stevens Point, Will Soon Begin to Make Rapid Strides.

It will be just forty miles from the court house park in Portage to the capitol square in Madison via the C. & W. V. interurban, says the Portage Democrat. That's not quite three miles longer than the Madison and Portage branch of the C. M. & St. P. railway.

Before Easter day, 1912, fast electric trains making few stops will carry passengers between those points on the 50 minute schedule, which is speedier than the present time of the steam railroad by thirty minutes. Local trains on slower schedule will stop at all convenient points along the way.

The final survey locates the road along the Illinois Central right of way south and west of Madison. Then it will curve around the western end of Lake Mendota to Middleton Junction, about three-fourths of a mile east of Middleton village. There a branch line will diverge to Prairie du Sac, where the million dollar dam in the Wisconsin river, now building, is expected to furnish some of the "juice" for motive power on the road. The main line to Portage will run in a line almost straight from Middleton Junction to Waunakee, where the tracks of the C. & N. W. road will be crossed. Thereafter northward the interurban will pass between Lodi and Arlington, about three and one-half miles east of Lodi and two and one-half miles west of Arlington village. The survey goes through the little valley just east of the William Stevenson farm residence in the town of Arlington.

It then passes directly to Poynette, crossing the C. M. & St. P. track to the east just south of the old millpond at Poynette, and paralleling that line northward. From Poynette to Portage the interurban will run parallel to and from a half to three-fourths of a mile east of the steam line. It will pass within 100 feet of the Columbia Silica Co.'s brick and sand plant in Pacific.

Coming into the city of Portage from the south the route crosses the main line of the La Crosse division of the Milwaukee road east of the old M. & P. junction and crosses the canal just east of the Ketchum Point railroad and wagon bridges, between them and the Soo depot. The line will swing around on to East Canal street, following that thoroughfare to Wisconsin street. Only passenger cars will come into the heart of the city. Freight passing through will go over another line east of the settled portion of the burg, over the marsh in the Second ward and via Mud lake vicinity.

The street railway loop in Portage will continue from the intersection of Canal and Wisconsin streets along Wisconsin street to Cass, to Oneida and the C. M. & St. P. freight and passenger depots, to DeWitt and back to Canal street. Street cars will run to the Soo depot on the Canal street line. Later, as business develops, other street lines may be constructed.

Interurban trains all will pass through the heart of Portage and somewhere not yet decided, near the business center, will be erected a suitable passenger station and waiting rooms. From somewhere on the northern side of the city loop will be run a line northward to join the main passenger and freight line at the city limits. The convenience of the traveling public will be considered and favored in every possible way.

Three agents of the company now are on the line between Portage and Madison purchasing the right of way, each taking a section of about one-third the total distance.

Will Visit in West.

Julius Kussmann, who owns a valuable farm in the town of Amherst, has engaged a manager for his property and expects to devote a good part of the summer in visiting various portions of the Dakotas and Nebraska.

GUS JOHNSON IS DEAD

A Native Stevens Pointer Dies at Riverside Hotel—Funeral Will be Held Tomorrow Morning.

August Johnson, second son of the late Capt. and Mrs. John O. Johnson, died at the Riverside Hotel on Water street at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. He returned here ten weeks ago from Fond du Lac and practically all the time since then he had been confined to his room at the hotel. Mr. Johnson suffered from a complication of ailments. The body was taken to Boston's undertaking rooms, from where the funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, with interment beside his parents and other members of the family in Forest cemetery.

Gus, by which name he was generally known, was born in this city 44 years ago and had always called Stevens Point home, although for several years he resided temporarily in northern Wisconsin, at Fond du Lac and other places. He was a kind hearted young man, generous to a fault, and had many good traits of character.

He suffered intensely much of the time during his long illness but retained consciousness until almost the last moment. The proprietors of the Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. France Sutton, gave him every care and attention.

An older brother, Chas. H. Johnson, died several years ago. The surviving members of the family are three brothers and two sisters, Dr. Victor Johnson and Mrs. Geo. W. Mulligan of Eveleth, Minn.; Otto Johnson, who may now be in northern Wisconsin; Louis A. Johnson of Minneapolis; and Mrs. Minnie Scidmore of Fond du Lac. None of the brothers or sisters will be able to attend the funeral.

Retiring Superintendent of Soo Road Handsomely Remembered by Old Employees.

A very pleasant affair took place at Supt. Urbahn's office in the Soo passenger station last Saturday evening, when the retiring superintendent of the northern division, A. J. Van Valkenburg, was presented with a chain and charm of much intrinsic value—a memento which will long be cherished by the recipient and will bring back many happy recollections of his long and faithful service on the Wisconsin Central and its successor, the Soo line. Attached to the heavy gold chain is a beautiful watch charm bearing Masonic emblems. The insignia of the Commandery is inscribed on the face, three good sized diamonds being imbedded in the cross and crown, as are also several smaller jewels. The key-stone, or chapter symbol, is on the reverse side, and by pressing the hinge is displayed the inscription "Presented to A. J. Van Valkenburg by employees of the Soo line, Apr. 10, 1911." This is the date upon which Mr. Van Valkenburg severed official connection with the railroad company.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Stockley called at the Van Valkenburg home early Saturday evening, where the gentleman visitor prevailed upon his host to accompany him to the depot upon "important business." Supt. Urbahn met them and they spent several minutes in the latter's office; in the meantime twenty or more of his friends gathered in the large room occupied by Chief Clerk Richards and his staff.

J. H. O'Brien was delegated as spokesman for the occasion and when Van had been called before the gathering the Soo's stalwart local yardmaster stepped forward and with these appropriate words presented the treasure:

Mr. Van Valkenburg: It was with a feeling of deep regret that the announcement of your retirement from the superintendency of the Northern district was read by the employees of the Soo line who have worked under you for several years; who had come to know you for a man of absolute fairness in all your dealings with your men; who knew that if they had infringed on a rule they had a lecture coming, but that this lecture came only after you had made a full, fair and impartial investigation, and that the lecture was justly due them. We also knew that you were ever ready to uphold and defend your men when the cause of right was with them; that a more loyal and true friend could not be wished for. Now that you have severed your connection with the old Soo line, and are about to cast your lot elsewhere, we want you to know that we wish you health, happiness and your full measure of prosperity, and as a token of our appreciation of you, and the esteem in which we hold you, I have pride and pleasure in presenting to you, for and on behalf of the employees of the Soo line, this token, and our wish and hope is that you may live long and wear it, and that it may be to you a reminder of the old employees of the old Soo line.

When Mr. Van Valkenburg had recovered his usual composure he replied substantially as follows:

This is certainly a great surprise. When Mr. Stockley invited me to come up to the office I had little idea that it was for any purpose beyond talking over railroad affairs. I don't feel worthy of so valuable a gift but none the less deeply appreciate it. I know it comes from old associates of thirty years. My experience with the Wisconsin Central and Soo has been very pleasant and in this connection I wish to say that I consider the men of the old Wisconsin Central as good if not better than those on any road in the country. They have always been loyal to the superintendent and to the company. I have no definite plans for the future but will take a much needed rest of several months, and have already arranged for transportation to the Pacific coast. As it is necessary for me to work for a living, I have no desire to lay down life's burdens as yet—in fact the game is too enticing to quit. I wish success to all the boys, including the new superintendent, who has been with you before and will deal fairly with you. Gentlemen, I again thank you.

Mr. O'Brien then extended words of welcome to Supt. Urbahn and assured him of the loyal support of every man on the line.

The latter gentleman said in reply: "I thank you for the kind words. Since coming here a few days ago I have had talks with my friends and co-workers and am assured of the hearty co-operation of all the boys. It will always be my aim to treat everyone absolutely fair and I trust we will work in harmony."

First Male Choir.

St. Stephen's Catholic church now has a male choir, they making their initial appearance on Sunday last. The members of the choir had been carefully drilled under the direction of Prof. Weber for some time and all are deserving of much praise. This is the first church choir in Stevens Point composed entirely of male voices.

Their Mother is Poorly.

Ole Hafsoos, who now fills the responsible position of sergeant on the Milwaukee police force, came up Tuesday and visited until this morning at the home at his brother, Chief of Police John Hafsoos. Their aged mother has been very poorly for the past month from the result of a fall, when her hip was injured. She has since been confined to bed and appears to be gradually failing.

Sergeant Hafsoos's district is on the east side of Milwaukee and he has about fifty patrolmen under his direction.

Is in Serious Condition.

Mrs. R. H. Gile of Milwaukee, who before her marriage several years ago was Miss May Dougherty, former principal of the local Fifth ward school, is very ill at Biloxi, Miss., and her death is expected at any time.

TWO CLASSES CONFIRMED

A Dozen Young People Received the Rite of Confirmation at Friedens Evangelical Church.

Twelve young people of the Evangelical Friedens church were confirmed at two impressive services, the German class, composed of Selma L. Haas, Viola C. Miller, Allard C. Haertel, Clarence E. H. Haas and Frederick Haas, at the 10 a. m. service on Sunday, Apr. 9th, and the English class, composed of E. Emma Klug, Gertrude M. Lutz, Charlotte Kieling, Herman F. Yokers, Wm. G. Lutz, Elmer A. Huckle and Wm. A. Haas, at the 7:30 o'clock evening service last Sunday, Apr. 16th. The rite of confirmation in both instances was administered by the pastor, Rev. H. Armin Fleer. The church was crowded to the doors on both occasions and much credit is due to the members of the Ladies' Aid and the Young Peoples' Societies for the beautiful decorations, which consisted of ferns, Easter lilies, palms and potted plants effectively and artistically arranged. Heavy garlands draped the walls and formed a cover for the three arches, the largest of which was illuminated with electric lights. A large cross for the altar was also lighted by electricity, and on these occasions the Friedens church was undoubtedly one of the most beautifully and artistically decorated of any in the city. The pastor delivered impressive addresses to the congregation and the confirmation classes at both services and the choir rendered special music, arranged for these occasions.

HORSE AND AUTO COLLIDE

Four Ladies Thrown Out of Rig and Horse Runs Away—Miss Wagner is Hurt.

There was considerable excitement in the South Side business district at about 9 o'clock last Monday evening, caused by the collision of a runaway horse with G. W. Andrae's automobile. The mishap took place in front of W. B. Pett's grocery store on Division street and was preceded just a moment by the overturning of a carriage, throwing the four occupants, Mrs. Lena Koch, Miss Mary Wagner, little Misses Florence Koch and Lucile Gryssels, to the pavement. Miss Wagner was bruised on the head and suffered a nervous shock which has since confined her to bed. The nerves of the others were more or less unstrung.

The horse which is owned by Dr. R. B. Smiley, was badly hurt, its upper jaw being fractured, one tooth knocked out and a portion of another broken off, while its forelegs were cut and bruised. The buggy is almost a wreck. The occupants of the rig were driving along Division street when the usually quiet horse became frightened at something and gave a lunge sideways, overturning the buggy and throwing the occupants out. The lines were pulled from Mrs. Koch's hands and before she could recover them or run to the horse's head, it started on a mad gallop toward the south.

Mr. Andrae saw the horse coming and quickly ran his auto to the curb, where it had come to a stop when the horse plunged against the machine, breaking the lamp and fender on the left side and jarring the tonneau loose. The animal, which had already become disengaged from the buggy, continued south on Division and Church streets to the Soo crossing, where it stumbled and fell, and was caught by a railroad employee.

The horse is now being treated at Dr. Swan's veterinary hospital on Water street, and beyond a possible slight disfigurement of the nose, it will soon be as well as ever.

'Twas A GRAND SUCCESS

Home Coming Ball at Empire Roller Rink. Last Evening, Proves Fine Affair—Proceeds of \$175.

Perhaps not since the big railway and other dances were held at the old rink, corner of Strong's avenue and Crooked Way, some years ago, has there been such a large and enjoyable dancing party given in Stevens Point as that held at the Empire roller rink last evening. This event was given in celebration of the home coming of Soo officials and employees and the proceeds donated to the proposed new hospital fund. There was a representative class of citizens in attendance and a spirit of good fellowship pervaded the gathering. About 150 couples participated in the dancing and a number of spectators were seated in the gallery. The hall was unusually brilliantly lighted for this occasion, Jas. Mainland, manager of the Lighting Co., having installed, gratis, festoons of 112 colored lights above the main floor. To him and to Mr. Weber and other members of the orchestra, who liberally furnished the music for the excellent dance program, the committees in charge of this event are most heartily grateful.

The gross receipts from the sale of tickets amounted to \$159.25 and the expenses were \$38.50, leaving a balance from this source of \$120.75. Members of the Woman's Club sold frappe during the evening and also served the supper, from which the gross proceeds were about \$55. This sum will likewise be turned over to the hospital committee.

SENTENCE DAY IN COURT

Three Prisoners Given Terms of From Three Months to Two Years at Waupun—All Appeared Satisfied.

Four persons, three of whom had been found guilty of crimes charged to them and one who had entered a plea of guilty, where arraigned before Judge Webb at the court house last Saturday forenoon. The first to be called before the bar was L. L. Quimby of the town of Grant, who had been arrested upon the charge of abandonment. When called before the bar and asked by the court if he had anything to say, Quimby stated at first that he did not think of anything, but later asked that if in the event that his wife should require an operation, whether he would be called upon to pay for the same or would it be charged to the town in which she resided. Judge Webb replied that he would have to consult legal advice upon that question, as the court could not advise, even if they were inclined to do so. He stated that the prisoner had been rightly and justly convicted, as from testimony introduced showing the manner in which he had treated his wife, he was not deserving of sympathy. However, the prisoner has a homestead in the west, which he will lose if he does not soon return and therefore the court would be more lenient. Quimby thereupon received a sentence of three months at Waupun, commencing at noon that day and the first day of his confinement to be solitary. The prisoner thanked the court and sat down.

Chas. Poblocki, who was also convicted on the charge of abandoning his wife and children, stated that he had no statement to make and was immediately given six months at Waupun, commencing Apr. 15th at twelve o'clock noon, the first day of his incarceration to be spent in solitary confinement.

Wm. Olson, a stranger in the city, who several months ago was arrested for robbing C. L. Rogers of the municipal sum of 50 cents, and had since been a boarder at the county jail, was called before the judicial tribunal. Judge Webb stated that after consulting with the district attorney and considering the fact that Olson had already served a long time, he would suspend sentence in his case with the understanding that he behave himself in future and if he does not, he can be sent for at any time and punished. The court gave the young man some good advice, telling him it would be well for him to leave for other parts at once. Upon getting his liberty Olson left the court house hurriedly and a few hours later departed for the west, his objective point being Minneapolis.

Fred Hubbard of this city was the last one to be called and on being questioned by the court, stated that he is 23 years of age, had played ball during the season for the past three years and also worked on farms, in livery stables, etc. He was convicted of assault with intent to do great bodily harm. Judge Webb stated that he had been called upon by a friend of the Hubbard family, and asked to be lenient in his sentence, and also by an official, who sympathized with the family. However, he stated, that for the future good of the prisoner he should be given a severe punishment that he may be kept away from the environments which have been responsible for his downfall. There is yet time to become a reputable and useful citizen, the court declared, and by doing this after your return home, the disgrace that you have suffered will soon be forgotten. Judge Webb concluded his remarks as follows, after which he sentenced Hubbard to two years at Waupun, the first day to be spent in solitary confinement: "I want you to understand that neither the district attorney, nor the court, nor anybody connected with the prosecution, has any wish on earth except for your own good, or any disposition to oppress you in any way. But the lessons which are most lasting and most beneficial in their result are those learned from your own experience. I might impose a large fine upon you, and your mother or your parents might pay it. That would be the worst thing that could happen to you, the very thing of all things which should not be permitted, because it would fail to accomplish what I have already indicated as necessary to accomplish in your case."

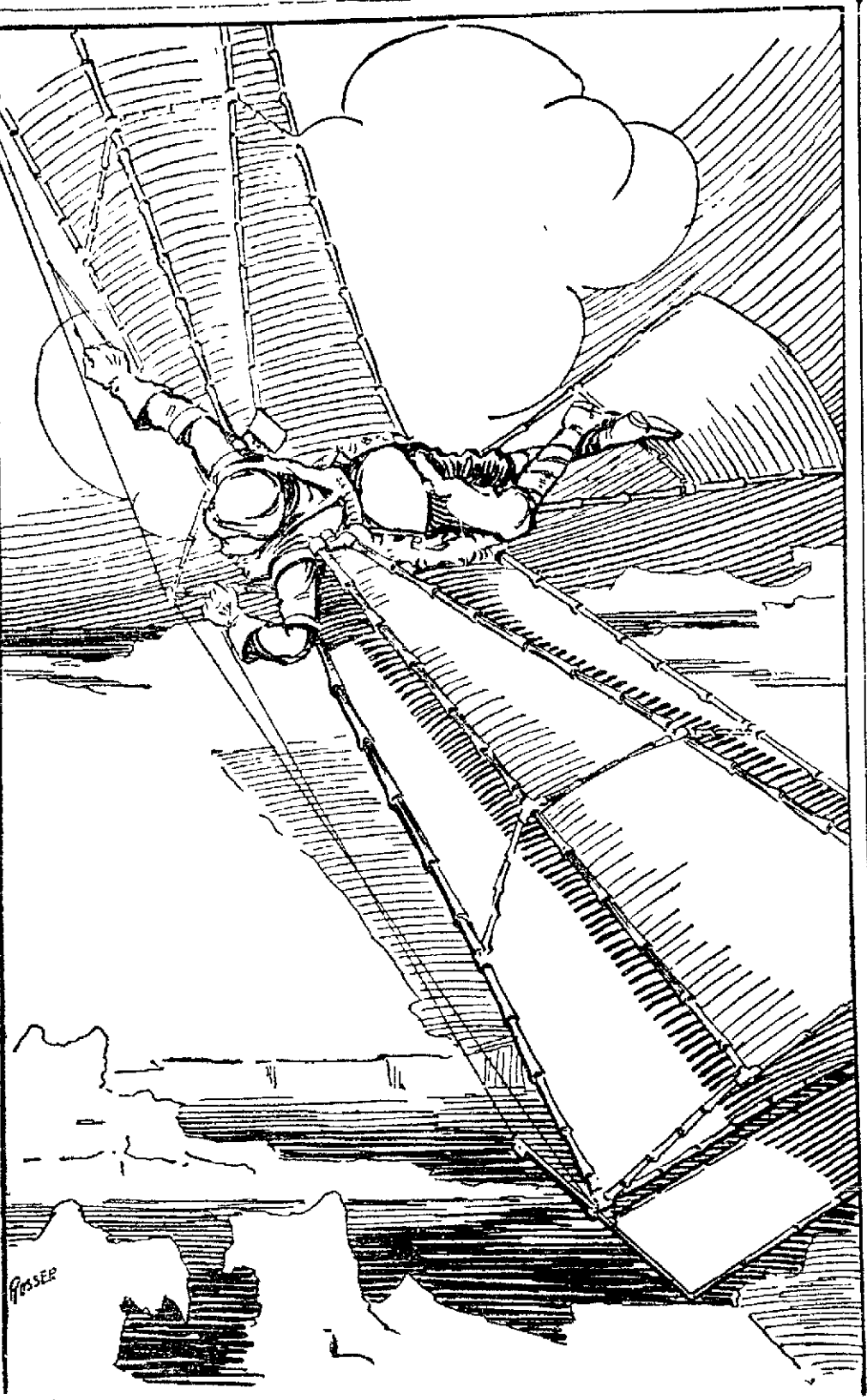
Special to Grand Rapids.

As will be noticed by their advertisement elsewhere in this issue, the Green Bay road will run a special to Grand Rapids and return next Sunday. The train will leave here at 10:45 in the forenoon, and returning will leave the Rapids at 9 o'clock in the evening. The train starts from Green Bay and while the special object is the organization of a council of the Knights of Columbus, the train is for all who desire to go and have the price, 50 cents for the round trip. It is expected that at least 100 will attend from this city, including ladies and gentlemen.

Sale and Supper.

The Parish Guild of the Episcopal church invite their friends and the general public to attend a supper and sale at guild hall tomorrow, Thursday, afternoon and evening. Several booths have been prepared in which will be sold fancy work, aprons, candy and an exceptionally choice variety of home cooking. Between 5 and 8 o'clock the following menu will be served for 25 cents:

Roast veal with dressing	Cabbage salad
Mashed potatoes	White bread
Jelly	Pickles
Ice cream and cake, 10c extra.	Tea
	Coffee



Cayley Wheeled Sharply Up Into the Wind.

CHAPTER I.

The Man With Wings.

For many hours—Cayley was too much of a god today to bother with the exact number of them—he had been flying slowly northward down a mild southerly breeze. Hundreds of feet below him was the dazzling, terrible expanse of the polar ice pack which shrouds the northern limits of the Arctic ocean in its impenetrable veil of mystery.

A compass, a sextant, a bottle of milk and a revolver comprised, with the clothes he wore, and with the shimmering silken wings of his aeroplane, his whole equipment. His nearest base of supplies, if you could call it that, was a 20-pound tin of pemmican, hidden under a stone on the north east extremity of Herald Island, 300 miles away. The United States rescue station at Point Barrow, the extreme northerly point of Alaska, the place which he had called home for the past three months, was possibly, half as far again away, somewhere off to the southeast.

But for these past weeks of unbroken arctic sunshine, he had fairly lived a-wing. The earth had no obstructions and the air no perils. Today, with his great broad fan-tail drawn up arc-wise beneath him, his planes pitched slightly forward at the precise and perilous angle that only just did not send him plunging, head-first, down upon the sullen masses of ice below, he lay there, prone, upon the sheep-skin sleeping bag which padded the frame-work supporting his two wings, as secure as the great fulmar petrel which dived curiously near, and then, with a wheel and a plunge, fled away, squawking.

For all practical purposes Cayley had learned to fly. The great fan-driven air ship, 100 feet from tip to tip, which had long lain idle on his ranch at Sandoval, would probably never leave its house again. It had done yeoman service. Without its powerful propellers, for the last resource, Cayley would never have been able to try the experiments and get the practise which had given him the air for his natural element. He had outgrown it. He had no more need of motors or whirling fans. The force of gravity, the force of the breeze and the perfectly co-ordinated muscles of his own body gave him all the power he needed now.

Perhaps the succeeding generations of humankind may develop an eye which can see ahead when the body is lying prone, as a bird lies in its flight. Cayley had remedied this deficiency with a little silver mirror, slightly concave, screwed fast to the crossbrace which supported his shoulders. Instead of bending back his head, or trying to see out through his eyebrows, he simply cast a backward glance into this mirror whenever he wanted to look on ahead. It had been a little perplexing at first, but he could see better in it now than with his unaided eyes.

And now, a minute or two, perhaps, after that fulmar had gone squawking away, he glanced down into his mirror, and his olympian calm was shaken with the shock of surprise. For what he saw, clearly reflected in his little reducing glass, was land. There was a mountain, and a long dark line that must be a clifflike coast.

And it was land that never had been marked on any chart. In absolute degrees of latitude he was not, from the arctic explorer's view, very far north. Over on the other side of the world they run excursion steamers every summer nearer to the pole than he was at this moment. Spits-

bergen, which has had a permanent population of 15,000 souls, lies 300 miles farther north than this uncharted coast which Philip Cayley saw before him.

But the great ice cap which covers the top of the world is irregular in shape, and just here, northward from Alaska, it juts its impenetrable barrier far down into the Arctic sea. Rogers, Collinson and the ill-fated DeLong—they all had tried to penetrate this barrier, and had been turned back.

Cayley wheeled sharply up into the wind, and soared aloft to a height of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile. Then, with a long, flashing, shimmering sweep, he descended, in the arc of a great circle, and hung, poised, over the land itself and behind the jutting shoulder of the mountain.

The land was a narrow-necked peninsula. Mountain and cliff prevented him from seeing the immediate coast on the other side of it; but out a little way to sea he was amazed to discover open water, and the smoke-like vapor that he saw rising over the cliffhead made it evident that the opening extended nearly, if not quite, to the very land's edge. It was utterly unexpected, for the side of the peninsula which he had approached was ice-locked for miles.

He would have towered again above the rocky ridge which shut off his view, and gone to investigate this phenomenon at closer range, had he not, just then, got the shock of another surprise, greater than the discovery of land itself.

The little valley which he hung poised above was sheltered by a second ridge of rocky, ice-capped hills to the north, and, except for streaks, denoting crevices, here and there, was quite free from ice and snow. There were bright patches of green upon it, evidently some bit of flowering northern grass, and it was flecked here and there with bright bits of color, yellow poppy, he judged it to be, and saxifrage. Hugging the base of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley, then notching the cliff and grinding down to sea at the other side of it was a great white glacier, all the whiter, and colder, and more dazzling for its contrast with the brown mountain-side and the green-clad valley.

Up above the glacier, on the farther side, were great broad yellow patches, which he would have thought were poppy field, but for the impossibility of their growing in such a place. No vegetable growth was possible, he would have thought, against that clean-cut, almost vertical, rocky face. And yet, what else could have given it that blazing yellow color? Some day he was to learn the answer to that question.

But the thing that caught his eye now, that made him start and draw in a little involuntary gasp of wonder, was the sight of a little clump of black dots moving slowly, almost imperceptibly from this distance, across the face of the glacier. He blinked his eyes, as if he suspected them of playing him false. Unless they had played him false, these tiny dots were men.

All of the party, but one man, were dressed exactly alike, in hooded bearskin shirts and breeches, and boots of what he guessed was walrus hide. They moved along with the peculiar wary shuffle of men accustomed, by long habit, to the footing and to the heavy confining garb they wore. So far as he could see they were unarmed.

The other man was strikingly different. He appeared to be clad much as Cayley was himself, in leather, rather than in untanned hide. He seemed slighter, sprightlier, and in

every way to convey the impression of having come more recently from the civilized, habitable portion of the world than his companions. He carried a rifle slung by a strap over his shoulder, evidently foreseeing no immediate use for it, and a flask.

Cayley was too far aloft for their conversation to be audible to him, but he could hear that they were talking. The leather-clad man appeared to be doing the most of it, and, from the inflection of his voice, he seemed to be speaking in English.

Presently he noticed that the leather-clad man had forged a little ahead of his companions, or, rather—like a flash, this idea occurred to Cayley—that the others were purposely lagging a little behind.

And then, before that sinister idea could formulate itself into a definite suspicion, his eyes widened with amazement, and the cry he would have uttered died in his throat; for this man, who had so innocently allowed the others to fall behind him, suddenly staggered, clutched at something—it looked like a thin ivory dart—that had transfixed his throat, tugged it out in a sudden flood of crimson, reeled a little and then went backwards over the glassy edge of a fissure in the ice, which lay just to the left of the path where he had been walking.

From the instant when Cayley had noticed the others dropping behind, to the last glimpse he had of the body of the murdered man could hardly have been five seconds.

The instant the murdered man disappeared, another, who had not previously been with the party, it seemed, appeared from behind a hummock of ice. There could be no doubt either that he was the assassin, or that he was the commander of the little group of skin-clad figures that remained. The ambush appeared to have been perfectly deliberate. There had been no outcry, not even a gesture of surprise or of remonstrance.

Cayley looked at the assassin curiously. He was dressed exactly like the others, but seemed very much bigger; seemed to walk with less of a slouch, and had, even to Cayley's limited view of him, an air of authority. Cayley was surprised at his not being armed with a bow, for he knew of no other way in which a dart could have been propelled with power enough, even at close range, to have transfixed a man's throat. The assassin's only weapon, except for a quivering of extra darts, seemed to be a short blunt stick, rudely whittled, perhaps ten inches long.

Obedient, apparently, to the order of the new arrival, the party changed its direction, leaving what was evidently a well-known path to them, for a seemingly more direct but rougher route. And they moved now with an appearance of haste. Presently they scrambled over a precipitous ledge of ice and, in a moment, were lost to Cayley's view.

The world was suddenly empty again, as if no living foot had ever trodden it; and Cayley, hovering there, a little above the level of the ice, rubbed his eyes and wondered whether the singular, silent tragedy he had just witnessed were real, or a trick the mysterious arctic light had played upon his tired eyes. But there remained upon that vacant scene two material reminders of the tragedy to which it had afforded a setting. One was smudge of crimson on the snow; the other, a little distance off, just this side of the icy ridge over which the last of the party had gone scrambling a moment before, was the strange looking blunt stick which he had seen in the assassin's hand.

Cayley flew a little lower, his wings almost skimming the ice. Finally, reaching the spot where the thing had fallen, he alighted and picked it up. Whether its possessor had valued it, or not, whether or not he might be expected to return for it, Cayley did not know, and did not much care.

He stood for some time turning the thing over in his hands, puzzling over it, trying to make out how it could have been used as the instrument of propulsion to that deadly ivory dart. There was a groove on one side of it, with a small ivory plug at the end. The other end was curiously shaped, misshapen, rather, for, though it was obviously the end one held, Cayley could not make it fit his hand, whatever position he held it in.

Giving up the problem at last, he tucked the stick into his belt, slipped his arm through the strap in the frame-work of his aeroplane and prepared for flight. He had a little difficulty getting up, owing to the absence of a breeze at this point. Finally he was obliged to climb, with a good deal of labor, the icy ridge up which he had watched the little party of murderers scrambling.

At the crest he cast a glance around, looking for them, but saw no signs of them. Then, getting a favorable slant of the wind, he mounted again into the element he now called his own.

Five years before Philip Cayley would have passed for a good example of that type of clean-limbed, clean-minded, likable young man which the

best of our civilization seems to be flowering into. Physically, it would have been hard to suggest an improvement in him, he approached so near the ideal standards. He was fine grained, supple, slender, small-jointed, thorough bred from head to heel.

Intellectually, he had been good enough to go through the academy at West Point with credit, and to graduate high enough in his class to be assigned to service in the cavalry. His standards of conduct, his ideas of honor and morality had been about the same as those of the best third of his classmates. If his fellow officers in the Philippines, during the year or two he spent in the service, had been asked to pick a flaw in him, which they would have been reluctant to do, they would have said that he seemed to them a bit too thin-skinned and rather fastidious; that was what his chum and only intimate friend, Perry Hunter, said about him at any rate.

But he could afford to be fastidious, for he had about all a man could want, one would think. For three generations they had taken wealth for granted in the Cayley family, and with it had come breeding, security of social position, simplicity and ease in making friends, both among men and women. In short, there could be no doubt at all that up to his twentieth year Fate had been ironically kind to Philip Cayley. She had given him no hint, no preparation for the stunning blow that was to fall upon him, suddenly, out of so clear a sky.

When it did fall, it cut his life clean across; so that when he thought back to that time now, it seemed to him that the Lieutenant Cayley of the United States army had died over there in the Philippines, and that he, the man who was now soaring in those great circles through the arctic sky, was a chance inheritor of his name and of his memory.

He had set out one day at the head of a small scouting party, the best-liked man in the regiment, secure in the respect, in the almost fatherly regard, of his colonel, proudly conscious of the almost idolatrous admiration of his men and the younger officers. He had gone out believing that no one ever had a truer friend than he possessed in Perry Hunter, his classmate at West Point, his fellow officer in the regiment, the confidant of all his hopes and ideals.

He had come back, after a fortnight's absence, to find his name smeared with disgrace, himself judged and condemned, unheard, in the opinion of the mess. And that was not the worst of it. The same blow which had deprived him of the regard of the only people in the world who mattered to him, destroyed, also, root and branch, his affection for the one man of whom he had made an intimate. The only feeling that it would be possible for him to entertain for Perry Hunter again must be a half-pitying, half-incredulous contempt. And if that was his feeling for the man he had trusted most and loved the most deeply, what must be for the rest of humankind? What did it matter what they thought of him or what they did to him? All he wanted of human society was to escape from it.

He fell to wondering, as he hung, suspended, over that rosy expanse of fleecy fog, whether, were the thing to do over again, he would act as he had acted five years ago; whether he would content himself with a single disdainful denial of the monstrous thing they charged him with; whether he would resign again, under fire, and go away, leaving his tarnished name for the daws to peck at.

Heretofore he had always answered that question with a fierce affirmative. Today it left him wondering. Had he stayed, had he paid the price that would have been necessary to clear himself, he would never have found his wings, so much was clear. He would never have spent those four years in the wilderness, working, experimenting, taking his life in his hands, day after day, while he mastered the art that no man had ever mastered before.

He had set himself this task because it was the only one he knew that did not involve contact with his fellow-beings. He must have something that he could work at alone. Work and solitude were two things that he had felt an overmastering craving for. And the possibility he had faced with a light heart every morning—the possibility of a sudden and violent death before night, had been no more to him than an agreeable spice to the day's work.

It was not until he had actually learned to fly, had literally shaken the dust of the earth from his feet and taken to the sky as his abode, that his wound had healed. The three months that he had spent in this upper arctic air, a-wing for 16 hours out of 24, had calmed him, put his nerves in tune again; given him for men and their affairs a quiet indifference, in place of the smarting contempt he had been hugging to his breast before. Three months ago, at sight of those little human dots crossing the glacier, he would have wheeled aloft and gone sailing away. Even a month ago he would hardly have hung, soaring



He Heard a Little Surprised Cry.

there, above the fog, waiting for it to lift again the veil of mystery which it had drawn across the tragic scene he had just witnessed.

The month was August, and the long arctic day had already begun to know its diurnal twilight. A fortnight ago the sun had dipped, for the first time, below the horizon. By now there were four or five hours, out of every 25, that would pass for night.

The sun set while he hung there in the air, and as it did so, with a new slant of the breeze the fog rolled itself up into a great violet-colored cloud, leaving the earth, the ice, the sea unveiled below him. And there, in the open water of the little bay, he saw a ship, and on the shore a cluster of rude huts.

It struck him, even from the height at which he soared, that the ship, tied to an ice-floe in the shelter of the great headland, did not look like a whaler, nor like the sort of craft which an arctic explorer would have selected for his purposes. It had more the trim smartness of a yacht.

They were probably all asleep down there, he reflected. It was nearly midnight and he saw no signs of life anywhere. He would drop down for a nearer look.

He descended, with a sudden hawk-like pounce, which was one of his more recent achievements in the navigation of the air, checked himself again at about the level of the mast-head, with a flashing, forward swoop, like a man diving in shallow water; then, with a sudden effort, brought himself up standing, his planes nearly vertical, and, with a backward spring, alighted, clear of his wings, on the ice-floe just opposite the ship.

As he did so, he heard a little surprised cry, half of fear, half of astonishment. It was a girl's voice.

CHAPTER II.

The Girl on the Ice Floe.

She stood there on the floe confronting him, not ten feet away, and at sight of her Philip Cayley's eyes widened. "What in the world!" he gasped. Then stared at her speechless.

She was clad, down to the knees, in sealskin, and below its edge he could see the tops of her small fur-trimmed boots. Upon her head she wore a little turban-like cap of seal. The smartly tailored lines of the coat emphasized her young slenderness. Her bootmaker must have had a reputation upon some metropolitan boulevard, and her head-gear came clearly under the category of what is known as modes. Her eyes were very blue and her hair was golden, warmed, he thought, as she stood there in the orange twilight, with a glint of red.

Cayley gasped again, as he took in the details of this vision. Then collected himself. "I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I don't mean to be rudely inquisitive, but what, in the world, is a person like you doing in this part of it—that is, if you are real at all? This is latitude 76, and no cartographer who ever lived has put that coast-line yonder into his maps. Yet here, in this nameless bay, I find a yacht, and on this ice floe, in the twilight, you."

She shook her head a little impatiently, and blinked her eyes, as if to clear them of a vision. "Of course," she said, "I know I've fallen asleep and this is a dream of mine, but even for a dream, aren't you a little unreasonable? Yachts are a natural mode of conveyance across the ocean. You find them in many bays—sometimes in nameless ones—and they always have people on them. But you—you come wheeling down, out of a night sky, like some great nocturnal bird, and alight here on the floe beside me. And then you change your-

self into a man and look at me in surprise, and ask me, in English, what in the world I am doing here—I had the yacht; and ask me if I'm real."

There was a moment of silence after that. Unconsciously they drew a little nearer together. Then Cayley spoke. "I'm real, at any rate," he said; "at least I'm a tax payer, and I weigh 160 pounds, and I have a name and address. It's Philip Cayley, if that will make me seem more natural, and my headquarters this summer are over on Point Barrow."

"I'm not dreaming, then?" she asked dubiously.

"No," he said; "if either of us is dreaming, it's not you. May I furl up my wings and talk to you for awhile?"

Her eyes were on the broad-spread, shimmering planes which lay on the ice behind him. She seemed hardly to have heard his question, though she answered it with an almost voiceless "yes." Then she approached, half fearfully, the thing he called his "wings."

"It is made of quite commonplace materials," he said with a smile—"split bamboo and carbon and catgut and a fabric of bladders, cemented with fish glue. And folding it up is rather an ungainly job. The birds still have the advantage of me there. In a strong wind it's not very easy to do without damaging something. Would you mind slipping that joint for me—that one right by your hand? It's just like a fishing rod."

She did as he asked, and her smile convinced him that she had at least half-guessed his purpose in asking the service of her. The next moment her words confirmed it.

"You wanted me to make sure, I suppose, that it would not turn into a great rock when I touched it and fly away with me to the Valley of Diamonds." She patted the furling wing gently with both hands. "I suppose," she continued, "one could dream as vividly as this, although I never have—unless, of course, this is a dream. But—" and now she held out her hand to him, "but I hope I am awake. And my name is Jeanne Fielding."

He had the hand in his, and noticed how live and strong and warm it was, before she pronounced her name. At the sound of it, he glanced at her curiously; but all he said just then was, "Thank you," and bustled himself immediately with completing the process of furling his wings.

When he had finished, he tossed the sheep-skin down in a little hollow in the floe, and with a gesture invited her to be seated.

"Oh, I've a great pile of bear skins out here," she said, "quite a ridiculous pile of them, considering it is not a cold night; and we can make ourselves comfortable here, or go aboard the yacht, just as you please."

They were seated side by side in the little nest she had made for herself, before he reverted to the idea which had sprung up in his mind upon hearing her name. "There was a 'Captain Fielding' once," he said slowly, "who set out from San Francisco half a dozen years ago, in the hope of discovering the pole by the way of Behring strait. His ship was never seen again, nor was any word received from him. Finding you here and hearing your name, I wondered—"

"Yes," she said gravely, "he was my father. He got news of him last winter, if you could call it news, for it was four years old before it reached us. A whaler in the arctic fleet picked up a floating bottle with a message from him telling where he was. So we have come here to find him—at least to find where he died, for I suppose there is no hope—never so much as a grain of hope of anything better."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

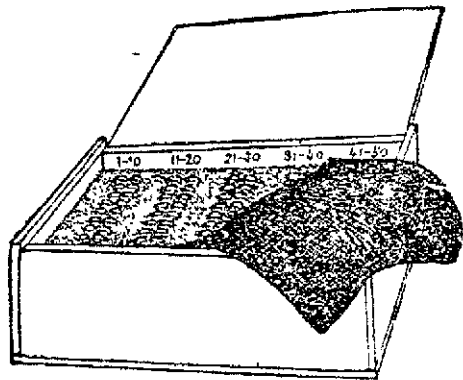


VALUE OF SEED CORN TESTS

By Proper Selection and Testing Crop Can Be Greatly Increased—Little Time Required.

(By P. H. ROLFS)

By proper seed selection and testing the corn crop can be greatly increased. Testing the seed requires



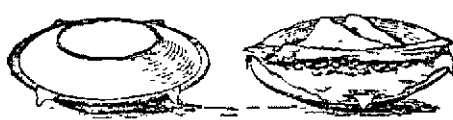
Cigar Box Seed Tester.

but little time and no expense and it is the height of folly for a farmer to plant seed and go to all the expense necessary to accomplish that work, without first knowing what kind of seed he is planting.

After the seed corn has been selected and has passed all of the inspections which show that it is perfect to the eye, a further inspection is necessary for germinating quality. This can be done only by using a seed tester. Such an implement can be readily made by anyone on the farm.

An ordinary cigar box, with two inches of sand in it will make an excellent seed tester. When ready for testing, the sand in the box should be thoroughly wetted, enough water being used to cover the sand. Hold it in this position four or five minutes, then wet a muslin cloth and we are ready to set in place the kernels to be tested. After the ears have all been numbered, we may begin with ear No. 1, and remove one kernel about two inches from the tip, and another kernel about two inches from the butt; then by sticking them in pairs into the sand, we will have this ear ready for testing. Follow the same method with the second ear, and so on, until the kernels from ten ears are placed in the first row. By counting down the rows, and noting the kernels that have failed to germinate, we will have no difficulty in locating the bad ears.

After the seed tester has received all of the kernels that can be planted conveniently, place over the kernels the wetted muslin rag. This seed tester should then be placed in the kitchen or any other warm situation. It should be examined every day to see



Simple Seed Testing Device.

that the sand and cloth are moist. In the course of a week or ten days about all of the corn that is sound will have germinated.

Another simple method of testing seed is to take 50 or 100 seeds of the kind to be tested and place them between two folds of moistened cotton flannel or blotting paper. Place on a plate and cover with another plate or pane of glass and set in a warm room. Examine the seeds every day for six or eight days.

GOOD FERTILIZER FOR CORN

It Gives the Plant Uniform Vigorous Growth Which Continues Through the Season.

The value of a good corn fertilizer consists in giving the corn a uniform vigorous early growth. The stalks are stout, roots many and spreading, foliage dark green and healthy. This strong, vigorous growth continues throughout the growing period. The crop matures early, the grain and fodder ripening fully 10 to 16 days earlier than corn planted the same day on the same quality of land and given exactly the same careful cultivation. To obtain a profitable yield select sound grain taken from the middle of the ear; plant when soil is warm and mellow. Corn, like wheat and rye, must have a fertilizer having a full supply of phosphoric acid. The stalk, leaves and grain require considerable potash. For these reasons an animal bone phosphate containing eight per cent. of available phosphoric acid, two per cent. of nitrogen and three per cent. of actual potash should be bought. A fertilizer of this quality applied at the rate of 300 pounds to the acre in the corn hills, the ground being rolled sod, will under careful culture give a profitable yield of grain. On the other hand, when a cheap acid phosphate is used the strength of the fertilizer is used up in stalk and leaves, and unless there is sufficient plant food in the sod to make the grain, the yield of corn is small. When raw or long yard manure is spread broadcast and plowed under, or a heavy sod plowed down in the spring, it is most profitable to put the corn in with 250 to 300 pounds of some good standard bone phosphate to the acre, as the manure and sod will not be available as plant food until rotted, which will not be until midsummer, and not then if the fore part of summer should be hot and dry.

MAKING PROFIT IN TOMATOES

Secret of Inducing Vines to Bear Abundance of Fine Red Fruit Is to Cut Away Bleeders.

Not all who raise tomato vines in abundance pick abundance of tomatoes. Last year there were many who had prolific vines who picked no tomatoes. The cause was simple, writes Frank E. Ward of Lawrence, Kan., in the Kansas City Star. In the wet, cool spring the vines grew to an unnatural size. Then there was not root enough to make fruit in the hot weather.

Wet and rich soil causes bleeders to sprout from the crotch between the leaf and the main stalk or trunk. If those are allowed to grow they become many feet long and there will be but little fruit. If they are pinched off as soon as they appear, say once a week, the excess growth will be forced into the fruit and it will be ready to ripen as soon as the sun is hot.

Should the bleeders grow unnoticed until three or four leaves are developed it is better to pinch off the small points and thus stop their growth, than to cut away the whole bleeder. When a cluster of buds form on a branch which is not near the main trunk the small end of the branch should be pinched off to prevent the leaves robbing the fruit. In that way the vines are kept within bounds. You will see by this that the fruit lateral is not to be mistaken easily for a bleeder.

The above system of pruning is not original with me. It is used by many with favorable results. In my garden of clay soil, 30x50 feet, last year I raised 400 pounds of tomatoes, which is about all one family needs in a year. I have ten grape vines, a cold



How Bleeders Grow on Vine.

frame, and raise many other common vegetables which make the table attractive.

BEE CULTURE NOT DIFFICULT

No More Skill and Intelligence Required Than to Keep Poultry—Do Not Injure Fruit.

It requires no more intelligence and skill to raise bees than to keep poultry. It requires a certain amount of work and at the right time, yet this in no sense equals the attention given poultry. But for some reason few farmers have bees. If it is lack of knowledge that keeps them from it, then the excuse is easily overcome, for there are many bee journals and books that would give the desired information. If it be fear of bee stings, these may be prevented by certain appliances. Surely no one should be kept from the enjoyment of honey because of cost. The bees and the necessary equipment need not cost much. Perhaps some have been led to believe—through foolish newspaper reports—that bees are injurious to fruit. This is not so. Bees cannot break the skin of any fruit. Because they are seen sucking the juice of punctured grapes they have been falsely accused of doing the puncturing.



FARM AND BEE NOTES

By no means the smallest source of net profit is the manure. Oats should be sown early, just as soon as the land can be made ready. Lime from the sugar beet factory is a very valuable product for the soil. More profit can be made on one acre of onions than on ten acres of corn.

Long straw manure should be piled and each layer plastered so it will rot quickly.

It is a good plan to shorten the tops of cabbage, cauliflower, onions and similar plants when they are transplanted.

Potatoes produce wonderful crops in proportion to the amount of seed planted.

Every garden should have a few of the aromatic herbs for seasoning and other kitchen use.

Fine rotted manure from the stables may be applied with great benefit to the grass if spread early.

Onions have been cultivated successfully for a long time. They require a moist, rich, loose soil.

A good grass fertilizer for spring application is animal bone and potash compound, say 400 pounds to the acre.

Any drainage system should be planned with reference both to the work it is to perform and to its future maintenance.

Hen manure, if applied to the surface, should be disked in well; or it may be applied to the surface and plowed under.

TRY THESE FRITTERS

MAKE THEM QUICKLY AND FRY IN VERY HOT FAT.

Two Recipes for the Batter and Half a Dozen for as Many Varieties of the Delicacy.

Before warm weather comes try some of the following recipes for fritters. These should be quickly made, thoroughly beaten and fried in very hot fat—hot enough to give off a blue smoke.

Fritter Batter, No. 1—Into a deep bowl put one egg, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of flour. Beat until smooth, but not frothy. If to be used for a sweet dish add a teaspoonful of sugar.

Fritter Batter, No. 2—To the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and one-half cupful of milk, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of flour and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat until smooth, set aside for an hour or longer. When ready to use add the whites of the eggs, beaten very stiff.

Apple Fritters—Peel and core four tart apples and cut in slices one-fourth inch thick crosswise. Sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and powdered sugar and let stand for an hour. Drain, dip in batter No. 2 and fry a light brown drain on brown paper, sprinkle with sugar and serve hot.

Apple Fritters, No.—Make a batter like the second recipe and add one cupful of chopped apple. Drop in large spoonfuls into hot fat and fry to a light brown. Serve with maple sirup or any preferred sauce. Peach or pineapple may be used instead of apples.

Banana Fritters—Peel and mash fine three bananas. Mix one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of salt. Beat one egg light, add one-third cupful of milk and the dry ingredients, then add the bananas and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Drop into deep boiling fat, drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Fruit Fritters—Almost any kind of fruit, either fresh or canned, may be used in fritters. Cut up and sprinkle with sugar, add a little grated lemon rind and let stand for two or three hours. Then drain, and if sliced, dip them in the batter before frying. If chopped fine, stir into the batter as directed for apple fritters and fry by spoonfuls.

Celery Fritters—Mix one cupful of finely chopped celery with one cupful of batter and drop by tablespoonfuls into deep, hot fat. When well browned drain and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Clam Fritters—Chop fine two dozen small soft clams, strain their liquor into a pint bowl and add enough milk to fill the bowl. Add to the chopped clams one well-beaten egg and a salt spoonful each of salt and paprika. Mix well and add to the clam liquor and milk, then add a cupful of flour sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, hot fat.

Apple Croquettes.

Put over the fire in a saucepan one cup of stale bread crumbs and a half cup of milk. Cook, stirring constantly until smooth, then add one large apple chopped fine and a dozen almonds, ground; the yolks of two eggs beaten with a tablespoonful of sugar, tablespoonful of lemon juice and the grated yellow rind of half a lemon. Cook until thickened, then turn out on a platter to cool. When quite cold form into croquettes, roll in fine crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Serve with caramel sauce, maple syrup or powdered sugar.

Excellent Cookies.

Eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, six tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four tablespoonfuls of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour to thicken. Stir the butter into the sugar; beat the eggs lightly and add them to the butter and sugar, stirring well, and then add the milk. Sift the powder with a little flour, stir it in and add more flour, enough to admit of rolling out. Place the dough on a well floured board, roll it thin, cut the cookies out and, if liked, dip each in granulated sugar as soon as possible after being cut. Bake in a quick oven.

Brussels Sprouts.

Brussels sprouts will be used freely by the economical housewife while they are cheap and good. To prepare this vegetable properly the sprouts should be blanched in cold water after boiling. If this is not done they will be almost as coarse as cabbage. The ideal sauce is browned butter. It is much nicer than the cream sauce, so often used, and a great many other vegetables that are constantly being served with cream sauce would be better with browned butter or maitre d'hotel sauce.

Bacon Omelet.

Three eggs beaten light, one-half teaspoon baking powder mixed well with one-half cup milk, a little pepper. Add to the beaten eggs. Take four rather thin slices of bacon, and after cutting off the rind, put the bacon through a food grinder. Turn into a hot frying pan and cook it a little before adding the egg mixture. Mix it all together in the pan, then cook as any other omelet. This amount will serve three persons.

THE HAIR WILL SUFFER

Unless the Right Remedy Is Used.

Eczema of the scalp is one of the most annoying forms of this widespread disease. The sure cure for it is Resinol ointment. A child whose head was so encrusted that the hair was almost obliterated was practically cured in eight days. The scalp was washed with Resinol soap and then Resinol ointment was applied. Resinol stops itching instantly. It cures eczema on any surface of the body. Every form of eruptive skin disease yields to Resinol ointment. It cures ringworm, barber's itch, psoriasis, tetter, herpes, erythema, scald head and other irritating and eruptive skin diseases. As a dressing for burns and scalds Resinol is unequalled. A Resinol soap shampoo will stop dandruff and used with Resinol ointment always facilitates the cure. Resinol ointment is put up in opal jars in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. At all druggists. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

WISE, ALL RIGHT.



Mr. Wise—Where's the man that struck my wife—where is he?

Bystander—What'll you do if you find him?

Mr. Wise—Introduce him to my mother-in-law.

THE ALARMING PREVALENCE OF ECZEMA

Finds Victims Among Every Race, Age and Condition.

Of all the diseases of the skin and scalp which torture and disfigure mankind, three-fourths are eczematous. Millions are born with eczema, and it is the only thing other millions have left when they die. Neglect in infancy and childhood, irritating conditions affecting the skin, ignorance of its real nature, improper remedies and many other causes that might be mentioned have created an eczema which, with varying severity, has afflicted countless numbers during their entire lives. Eczema is a skin disease. It is not regarded as hereditary, nor contagious, and is impartially distributed among the rich and poor, the high and low. The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, causing loss of sleep, is usually the most distressing symptom and is caused by the bursting of little vesicles filled with an acid fluid, which burns as with fire the denuded skin. New vesicles form, fill and burst, scales form upon scales, and crusts upon crusts until disfigurement is added to torture.

One of the most successful treatments for eczema, whether applied to the youngest infant or the oldest person, is hot baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings of Cuticura ointment. For more than a generation, these pure, sweet and gentle emollients have proved the most efficient agents in the speedy and permanent relief of all forms of eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations of the skin and scalp. Although Cuticura soap and ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, in order that those who have suffered long and hopelessly and who have lost faith in everything may make trial of them without charge, a liberal sample of each will be mailed free to any address, together with a 32-page pamphlet, giving a description and treatment of the various forms of eczema, as well as other affections of the skin, scalp, hair and hands—send to "Cuticura," Dept. W, Boston.

Bird Jekyll and Hyde.

The catbird is our northern mocking bird. When love attunes its voice, it can warble as sweetly as the nightingale. You must catch it in one of its melting moods if you would know the charm of its liquid notes. It is not at all beautiful—no more is the mocking bird—only a gray-brown, perky, restless thing, of lesser size than the robin, with the soul of song in it.

The wonder of the catbird lies, of course, in this, its dual nature. At one time it hops about screeching complaints against the circumambient air; at another there throbs out from its delicate throat the essence of a divine melody.—Philadelphia Press.

His Destiny.

"I wish Willie had been 'born a girl!'"

"Why?"

"Oh, he is such a cry baby! I wish I could do something to stop his snivelling at everything that comes up."

"To stop it? Encourage it, you mean! Nature evidently intended that boy for a United States senator."

Of Course.

"Why are hotel bellboys called 'Buttons'?"

"Because they're always off when you need 'em most."



DE LAVAL Cream Separator SOON PAYS FOR ITSELF

Occasionally the intending buyer of a cream separator who has but a small amount of ready cash to invest is tempted to put his money into one of the so-called "cheap" machines which are being largely advertised.

Why pay your hard earned money for a "cheap" trashy machine when you can buy a reliable DE LAVAL upon such liberal terms that

It will more than earn its cost while you are paying for it.

When you buy a DE LAVAL you have positive assurance that your machine will be good for at least twenty years of service, during which time it will save every possible dollar for you and earn its original cost over and over again.

If you purchase the so-called "cheap" separator you must pay cash in advance and then take the chance of the machine becoming worthless after a year or two of use, to say nothing of the cream it will waste while it does last,—all of which means that you have virtually thrown away the money invested in the cheap separator and wasted your time, labor and product in the bargain.

The DE LAVAL separator pays for itself. It runs easier, skims cleaner and lasts longer than any other cream separator. Be sure to see the local DE LAVAL agent and try a DE LAVAL before you buy any cream separator.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

165-167 BROADWAY NEW YORK 20 E. MADISON STREET CHICAGO DRUM & SACRAMENTO STS. SAN FRANCISCO

178-177 WILLIAM STREET MONTREAL 14 & 16 PRINCE STREET WINNIPEG 1018 WESTERN AVENUE SEATTLE

Parents and Children's Faults.

Parents ought to collaborate with teachers in helping to develop the best in their children, and consequently to eliminate the worst. Instead of this view of the matter we (says Ella Wheeler Wilcox) find parents taking a stand against the teacher who tries to talk of the faults of their children and discuss a remedy, and all the work which the teacher has hoped to do in character building falls to the ground under the lifted hammer of the unwise and belligerent parent, who insists that "my child" must be without faults, and that the teacher who sees faults is an enemy, not a friend. It is seldom, indeed, that a man or a woman occupying the position of a teacher is prejudiced or has personal or selfish motives for criticising a child.

AN ESTABLISHED FACTORY

Producing standard goods used by stores, banks, farmers and practically everybody, is sending its special representative to open a distributing office for this district and other unoccupied territory and desires a resident distributor with \$500 to \$3,000 in cash, carrying stock for immediately filling orders; we allow \$100 to \$200 monthly compensation, extra commissions, office and other expenses, per contract, according to size of district allotted and stock carried; permanent arrangements; references required. If you can fill requirements write promptly. "Liberty Manufacturing Association, 230 West Huron St., Chicago.

Good Reason for It.

"I see a premiere danseuse is advertised to dance with five snakes twined about her."

"Should think she would. If a snake got on me I'd bet I'd dance."—Stray Stories.

Sore Throat is no trifling ailment. It may carry disease germs to any part of the body through the food you eat. When you feel sore throat coming on, use Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

Some men are as easily rattled as others are hard to shake.

Constipation slowly impairs the general health—Garfield Tea corrects constipation and benefits the entire system.

Ignorance of one's misfortunes is clear gain.—Euripides.



Instead of Liquid Antiseptics or Peroxide

100,000 people last year used

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

The new toilet germicide powder to be dissolved in water as needed. For all toilet and hygienic uses it is better and more economical. To save and beautify the teeth, remove tartar and prevent decay. To disinfect the mouth, destroy disease germs, and purify the breath. To keep artificial teeth and bridgework clean, odorless. To remove nicotine from the teeth and purify the breath after smoking. To eradicate perspiration and body odors by sponge bathing. The best antiseptic wash known. Relieves and strengthens tired, weak, inflamed eyes. Heals sore throat, wounds and cuts. 25 and 50 cts. a box, druggists or by mail postpaid. Sample Free. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

A Country School for Girls in New York City

Best Features of Country and City Life. Out-of-door Sports on School Park of 35 acres near the Hudson River. Full Academic Course from Primary Class to Graduation. Upper Class for Advanced Special Students. Music and Art. Summer Session. Certificate admits to College. School Coach Meets Day Pupils. Miss Bangs and Miss Wilton, Riverside Ave., near 2524 St. West.

PATENTS Fortunes are made in patents. Protect your ideas. Our 64 page book free. Fitzgerald & Co., Box K, Washington, D. C.

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impairs digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and despondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It caries the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the wrapper dears may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.

W. L. DOUGLAS

EST. 1876 \$2.50 \$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN

W. L. Douglas Spring Styles include more Snappy and Up-to-Date Shapes in Oxfords and High Cuts than ever before produced. W. L. Douglas warrants every pair of his shoes to hold their shape, look and fit better and wear longer than any other make, giving you better value for the money than you can obtain elsewhere.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom, which guarantees full value and protects the wearer against high prices and inferior shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you with the genuine W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass. \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00



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